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# THE CRAYON.

VOL. II. NO. VII.]

NEW YORK, AUGUST 15, 1855.

[WHOLE NO. XXXIII.]

## MONTEVIDEO.

ALMOST every region of New England possesses unexplored beauties, which are now and then revealed to the passing traveller. The vicinity of Hartford, Connecticut, is of this order, and becoming more and more appreciated. The city itself is commercial in its character, yet has many delightful abodes, and its environs are singularly fertile and beautiful.

At the distance of nine miles, on the summit of Talcott Mountain, is a peculiarly picturesque rural residence, originally erected by Daniel Wadsworth, Esq., and now owned by David Collins, Esq., bearing the euphonious name of Monte-Video. Shall we visit it together? It is a favorite resort of the tasteful. You will scarcely fail of being repaid for your trouble, and sure to find it in perfect order.

A drive on the Albany turnpike, of the distance before mentioned, brings to a road turning suddenly northward, constructed by the proprietor, who first drew from the cliffs and ravines of a rugged green-stone ridge, the charms of that cultivated domain. We are led onward by so easy an ascent, between towering precipices and overshadowing trees, that were it not for openings cut occasionally through the branches, and revealing glances of grand and imposing scenery, we should scarcely be conscious of the eminence we are attaining.

At the distance of a mile and a-half, a gate, enclosure, and tenant's house, all in the Gothic style, strike the eye most agreeably; and passing them, the wild features of the scene are lost in high cultivation, and the embellishments of taste. A winding avenue, occasionally fringed with shades, among which the graceful acacia predominates, leads upwards to the mansion-house, in the rear of which we look down six hundred feet, into one of the most rich and glorious valleys upon which the sun ever shone.

From the portico in front, we gaze upon a still more surprising object. Stretching at our feet, on the brow of this beautiful mountain, is a lake, more than a mile in circumference, deep, cold, crystalline, and bordered with trees. The white bathing-house on its margin, and the pleasure-boat on its bosom, with bright streamers, are pleasing points in the landscape. The utmost pinnacle of the mountain, which rises northward of the lake, is surmounted by a hexagonal tower, sixty feet in height, seeming to spring from the dark grey rock which in color it resembles. From its summit, to which access is rendered as easy as possible, and which commands an elevation of nearly a thousand feet above the level of the Connecticut river, we have a glorious view of the surrounding country, and into the adjoining states of Massachusetts and New York. The Connecticut is seen, sweeping onward like a king through its fair domain, amid the spires of numerous towns and villages, while by the aid of a glass, the sails of the vessels in the port of Hartford are distinctly visible.

The prospect from the South Rock, in the vicinity of the farmhouse, is one of extreme beauty. Though smaller in extent, it presents, as in a vivid, glowing picture, the grouping of the objects more immediately beneath you—lake, copse, villa, cultivated lawn, and crowning tower.

How fair upon the mountain's brow  
To stand and mark the vales below—  
Those beauteous vales that calmly sleep,  
Secluded peaceful, silent, deep:  
The solemn forest's nodding crest,  
The streams with fringing verdure drest—  
The rural homes, remote from noise,  
By distance dwindled into toys;  
Or turning from this varied scene,  
So mute, so lovely, so serene,  
Scale the steep cliff, whose ample range  
Gives to the eye a bolder change—  
The cultured fields, which rivers lave,  
Where branches bend, and harvests wave—  
The village roofs, obscurely seen,  
The glittering spires that gem the green—  
The pale blue line that meets the eye,  
Where mountains mingle with the sky—  
The floating mist, in volumes rolled,  
That hovers o'er their bosoms cold—

Woods, wilds and waters scattered free,  
In Nature's tireless majesty.

Mark, by soft shades, and flowers caressed,  
The mansion-house in beauty dressed;  
Above, to brave the tempest's shock  
The lonely tower that crowns the rock;  
Beneath—the lake whose waters dark  
Divide before the gliding bark—  
With snowy sail and busy oar  
Moving with music to the shore;  
And say while musing o'er the place  
Where Art to Nature lends her grace,  
The crimes that blast the fleeting span  
Of erring, suffering, wandering man—  
Unfeeling pride, and cold disdain,  
The heart that wills another's pain,  
Pale envy's glance, the chill of fear,  
And war and discord come not here.

How sweet around yon silent lake,  
As friendship guides, our way to take,  
And cull the plants, whose flowing heads  
Bend meekly o'er their native beds,  
And own the hand that paints the flower,  
That deals the sunshine and the shower,  
That bears the sparrow in its fall,  
Is kind, and good, and just to all;  
Or see the sun, with rosy beam  
First gild the tower, the tree, the stream—  
And moving to his nightly rest,  
Press through the portal of the west—  
Close wrapped within his mantling fold,  
Of glowing purple dipped in gold;  
Or else to mark the queen of night,  
Like some lone vestal pure and bright,  
Steal slowly from her silent nook,  
And gild the scenes that he forsook.

And then, that deep recess to find,  
Where the green boughs so close are twined,  
For there, within that silent spot,  
As all secluded, all forgot—  
The fond enthusiast free may soar,  
The sage be buried in his lore—  
The poet muse—the idler sleep,  
The pensive mourner bend and weep—  
And fear no eye or footstep rude  
Shall break that holy solitude,  
Unless some viewless angel guest,  
Who guards the spirits of the blest,  
Might seek among the rising sighs  
To gather incense for the skies—  
Or hover o'er that hallowed sod,  
To raise the mortal thought to God.

Oh gentle scene, whose transient sight  
So wakes my spirit to delight—  
Where kindness, love, and joy unite—  
What though no words the rapture speak,  
The tear must tremble on the cheek,  
The lay of gratitude be given,  
The prayer in secret speed to heaven.

Here peace, though exiled and oppressed  
By those she came to save, distressed,  
Might find repose from war's alarms,  
And gaze on Nature's treasured charms;  
Beneath these mountain shades reclined,  
Breathe her sad dirge o'er lost mankind,  
Or on mild virtue's tranquil breast,  
Close her tired eyes in gentle rest—  
Forget her wounds, her toil, her pain,  
And dream of Paradise again.

L. H. SIGOURNEY.